

The Holy Cross Magazine



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THE HOLY CROSS PRESS and THE HOLY
CROSS MAGAZINE wish you a very Blessed Christ-
mas and every Blessing in the New Year.

§ To all our Subscribers and readers and to all who
have supported us in our work of Evangelism through
the printed word, we say an hearty and heartfelt
"Thank you."

§ We ask for your prayers and continued support as
we face new problems. You are not infrequently in
our thoughts and prayers as we offer the daily Sacri-
fice, and we lean heavily on your intercessions for
us. The work of The Press and The Magazine is a
real part of the whole missionary work of the Church.

You share in that work as you lift us up to our Lord
in your prayers.

§ Prayer must come first. You can, of course, help
us in other ways as well. We need a very substantial
increase in the number of paid subscriptions. If Five
Hundred of our subscribers would each procure one
New Subscription, our financial problem would be
well on the way to being solved.

§ Our publications enjoy a wide circulation and yet
there are thousands of Churchmen who have never
heard of The Holy Cross Press. Our appeal through
paid advertising is limited by our finances. Please
"say a good word" for us on every opportunity.
Again, *Merry Christmas . . . and God bless you.*

The Holy Cross Magazine

Dec.



1946

From the Presiding Bishop—

To the Readers of the HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE

It is a privilege to be able to send a brief message of greeting to the readers of the HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE.

At the Christmas season we are made acutely aware of all the blessings which came to us when the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. Yet this very Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ makes us realize more poignantly than ever the tragedy of our times. Somehow with renewed consecration we must lessen that contrast between the love of God and the failure of men.

First we must begin with ourselves in the deepening of our own spiritual life. Then with power born of experience we must be messengers of the Good News.

Only a Church of conviction and of missionary zeal can make an impression upon the world of our day.

I pray that this Christmastide may bring you many blessings, but chiefly that of the high call to discipleship of the Lord and Master of us all.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. R. Sherrill

Christ is Coming

FRANCIS W. G. PARKER, O.H.C.

Rev. 22: 20, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

CHRISt is coming to visit us! So the Church repeats insistently. "Christ is coming to visit His people." "Behold the Lord will come and will not tarry."

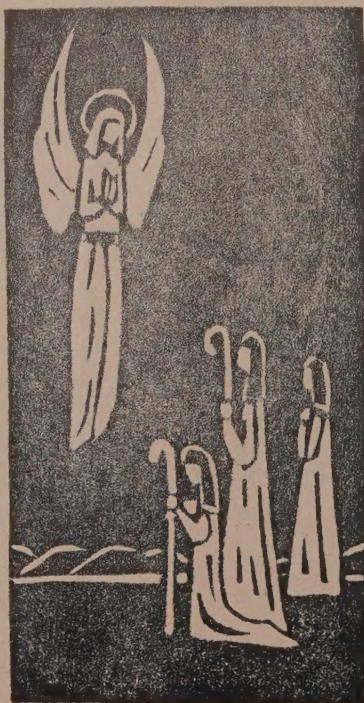
But He *has* come! In the Collect set before us throughout Advent, we repeat "Jesus Christ *came* to visit us in great humility." Both are true. Christ is always coming to visit us—His people.

The Church, by its Calendar, witnesses to eternal facts—and it relates them to the time-scheme. The Eternal God, the All-Spirit, has entered into the time-and-space scheme of human life—the material universe. The Eternal God has entered into relationship with His created people and things. So the Church keeps the eternal facts before us by living them through in thought, in prayer, and in some degree in our experience every year. For every fact and aspect of the life of Jesus carries timeless values for us.

Christ is always coming to visit His people. He uses all His love and wonder to win entrance into our minds and hearts. Advent reminds us especially of two ways of His coming—one an historical fact, the other still to be expected. Jesus came at the first Christmas in great humility. He entered the universe with such sweet gentleness as might win the hardest hearts. That is His first choice—and ours! Humility means having a right self-estimate as before God—knowing oneself through the eyes of God. Jesus knows Himself truly—God and Man. He alone can say, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." In adoring love Charles de Foucauld

cried out, "Thou O Lord Jesus hast so taken the lowest place, that none can take it from Thee." Even so, Christ hopes to win entrance into our hearts and lives—to make us like Himself. He stoops low to lift us from sin and self-destruction to holiness and heaven.

To win us, He came "in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him." Christ is inescapable. He is always coming. We must prepare to meet Him either in love or in fear. We can wait until with great majesty as Judge He crashes into consciousness, or we can so work to conquer our sins and faults that we are glad to welcome His coming—and offer our adoring love in all humility.



Christ is always coming. The eternal does now penetrate the temporal. God does now penetrate human life. Advent is time to consider the kind of life we wish Him to see in us at His coming. The way to prepare for death and judgment is now to prepare for life and love in Jesus as He comes in His most winning revelations.

We cannot now meet Christ on the banks of the River Jordan, but we can on the banks of our own river. We cannot be tested for sleeping or prayerful waiting in the Garden of Gethsemane, but we can in our own garden. We can, here and now, learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. We can, under His tutelage, learn to turn trouble and confusion toward God in prayer rather than toward the devil and wrong. We can invite Him into all situations to better them, or we can exclude Him and make things worse.

In His overwhelming love, God does visit His people—turn us from sin to sanctity. Hidden God, Immanuel, Lamb of God, Friend of sinners, Father of saints, Crucified Christ and Risen King—in all His wonder Jesus comes daily to visit His people. We cannot go to the Upper Room in Jerusalem, but Jesus can come to ours—and does. We can meet Him right here in His promised Presence at His Altar where He comes, now.

Advent means that Jesus gives us the choice to meet Him in adoring love, now, and at Christmas, or later in Majesty as Judge. Let us be ready: "which testifieth these things say, Surely I come quickly . . . Even so, come Lord Jesus."

After Sunset

By the RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT E. CAMPBELL, O.H.C.

THE close of day in early winter can present a striking picture. Snow and ice cover the landscape. The last rays of the setting sun linger effly on the glories of earth and sea. Weary men hasten homeward for a well-earned rest. History has been made that day, even though very few realize it. As the sky darkens people begin their fresh routine. The day is past. Night steals on apace. "Watchman, what of the night?" Always it is difficult to fit Catholic Theology into what the intellectuals of every age call "modern thought." None other than Chesterton has given us the glimpse that the astonishing thing about ancient people is that they did not know themselves to be ancient. Their speculations were to them the latest news. Thus, "modern thought" may present the ability of writers of every era to ply nimble pens and wash old ideas. This process not infrequently produces a sort of literary cream puff,—something which looks attractive and tastes fine, but which neither nourishes nor satisfies the hungry soul. Many of the sentimental conceptions of today arise from a desire to temper what seems harsh and out of date. Only too frequently they mould the content of popular thinking about the future. Nor can we limit these curious speculators to this present time, for men probably have reached, believed and argued on this topic ever since the Tower of Babel. Try to picture those furious days at Neanderthal, or in prehistoric times. Just imagine that human bone which has been unearthed, replete with millennia as it is, conversing with its companions on this very topic. In our present mechanical age

we face nothing new. There always have been quacks and false prophets. Necromancers we have, as well as those who deal with familiar spirits. All such, as every instructed man must know, have been condemned by God. Fortune tellers fall under the ban of the Church, along with all efforts (such as spiritualism) to penetrate the secrets of the life beyond the grave. All such evil practices spell nothing short of "confusion worse confounded."

After Death, What?

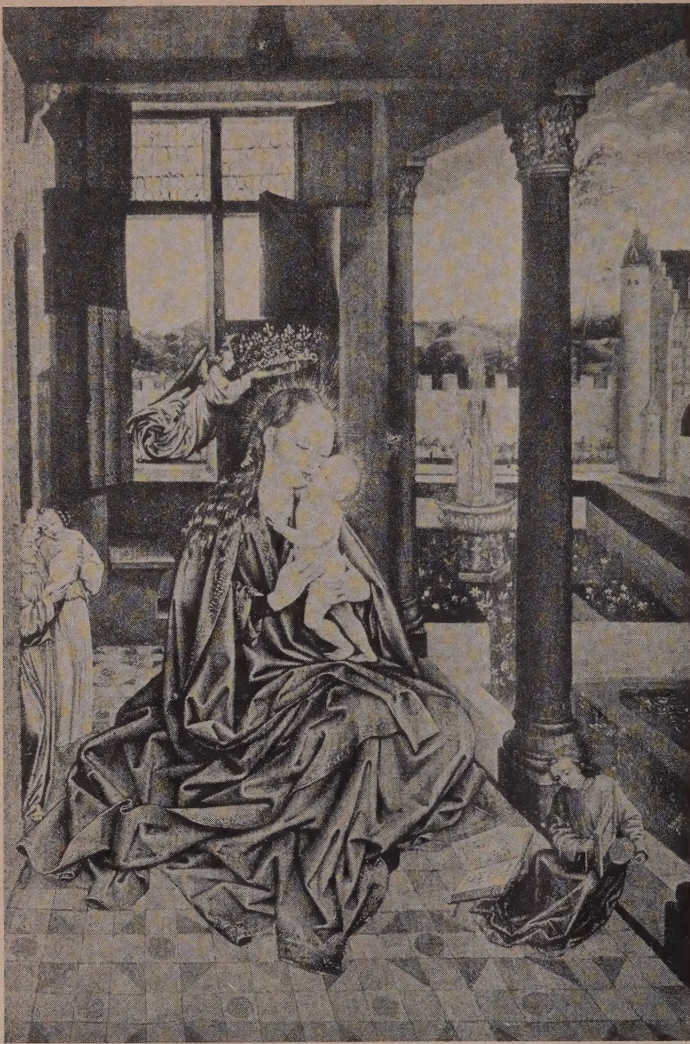
What is the teaching of the Church about the unseen world? The season of Advent each year brings this question freshly to mind. What are the four last things, for example? Do we really know anything about them? During the recent war millions of our brothers and sisters faced death all over the world. Many have "crossed the bar" out into the eternal sea of God's love. That we do know. But what about Judgment, and Hell, and Heaven? Are they the products of mere wishful thinking, or perhaps the stock in trade of a scheming college of priests? It would be giving the lie to world-wide human conviction on the one hand, and to charge with dishonesty the Christian Clergy on the other if we seriously entertained such a shallow view. Let us examine the matter more fully.

Writers, modern writers who have made a serious study of human origins, seem pretty well agreed that for untold generations men have believed in a life which continues after death. Dreams may have given our ancestors the thought that after the body is laid to rest there is a soul, a personality which does not cease to function. Various peo-

ples did build up more or less fantastic theories about this future existence. But surely God spoke to them in different ways, and at different times, as they were able to understand Him.

Among the native tribes in the Liberian Hinterland, for example, the present writer has seen many primitive customs enacted. We in America think it fitting to place floral tributes on the grave of the loved one departed, in his memory. The untutored heathen African places cloth for the disembodied spirit to wear, together with a bowl of rice for him to eat. All this time there are being muttered sweet words of friendship and good will. These ceremonies point to but one desire—that the departed spirit may not retain angry feelings towards his survivors. All these are tributes too, though in another sense. The "old people" still live on in a feeble state, and hover close to familiar scenes.

The Catholic Church, of which, thank God, we are part, has always shown the greatest reticence in speaking or writing of the life in the world to come. That there is a future life we know definitely from the pages of our authorized Scriptures. In the Old Testament quite evidently there began to grow among the Hebrews a brighter, more cheerful outlook concerning the departed. Those early Jews had inherited the common Semitic beliefs, similar in all respects to those held by primitive folk everywhere. Yet slowly they worked up to a conviction that some day the righteous would rise again. We recall King David's expression: "Thou shalt not leave my soul in Sheol, neither shalt Thou suffer Thy holy one to see corruption." Right bold was the



OUR LADY AND DIVINE SON

patriarch Job when, his faith strengthened through affliction, he cried: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Thus the light began to break upon a cloud-bound world.

The universal Church has always tested her teaching by the rule of Holy Scripture. Various human authors composed these for and in the body of the faithful believers. We can entertain no doubt that these men penned their witness under the inspira-

tion of the Holy Spirit. Hence, we are not unreasonable when we refer our questions as to the future state to the sacred pages. It is no more than natural that we should wonder what we shall meet when we shall have been called from this "vale of tears."

How Much is Certain?

Beyond what is revealed in the Bible, Holy Church refuses to bind her children. True, there has been much speculation. Many guesses, some of them pretty shrewd, have been given expression in both art and poetry. The literary remains of Dante and

Milton come to mind at once, together with many sculptures and paintings in mediæval churches. Fascinating as these may be, they are but the ideas of individuals, not the official teaching of the Church. Let us never forget that. The "acids of modernity" have corroded our faith in many of the articles of the creeds, but perhaps none has suffered more than belief in "the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." About these men seem not to care.

Yet, even as St. Paul teaches, death is a mystery. Despite widespread materialistic teaching, it is merely the "dead end" of life's journey, we know from our inmost being, as well as from revealed truth, that after the dissolution of our earthly frame the soul continues on toward God. Death is the penalty of sin. Death ends our earthly probation, for as St. Paul affirms, the deeds done in the body supply the data for the final judgment, even though it does not end opportunity for further growth. "For we must appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." And again, "Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

Death, then, we must all expect. It is a change. It is a termination of our earthly career. The body is laid to rest, but the soul lives on in an endless, unchangeable state. While the Church does not teach that there is after this life any further probation, yet we like to think of further opportunities for wisdom and knowledge and spiritual growth. Our American Liturgy recognizes this when we pray: "And we bless thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in faith and fear, beseeching thee grant them continual growth in thy love and service."

Then comes the Judgment. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews expresses it: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." That there may be a particular judgment immediately after death is at least a possibility, according to an impressive array of reliable theologians. An "intermediate state," a period of purgation and of waiting, would seem to be required by what we read in the New Testament. Our Lord teaches definitely that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still living. The gracious word to the dying thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," implies life and consciousness beyond the grave. St. Peter speaks of our Saviour preaching to the souls in prison after His own sacrificial death on Calvary. What more convincing assurance can we ask?

These waiting souls belong to what is called the Church Expectant. They are preparing for something which God in His infinite mercy has in store for them. No matter whether we call this paradise, or Purgatory, it is real. New Testament teaching is definite that the departed live and are conscious—and that they can pray. St. John bears witness to this, for he saw "under the altar the souls of them that were slain by the word of God, and the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice saying: How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell in the earth?"

Certain it is also that after the resurrection there will be the general Judgment. This is clearly revealed. Even the Moslems teach as much, adding that the Judgment will be none other than our Lord Jesus. We are a bit uncertain as to what the Moslems teach further, but our Scriptures are definite that there will be a separation of the lost and the

saved. Concerning either of these groups we know really very little, even as St. John writes: "It has not yet been manifested what we shall be." We know that there will be the presence of Christ and the vision of God for the saved, together with the service of God and fellowship with one another. This blessed life will have no ending. This will be heaven.

For How Long?

Those whose evil lives have shut them off from God will, as our Saviour teaches, "depart . . . into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Many attempts have been made through the centuries to soften these words. Some writers have affirmed that none but Satan and Judas Iscariot will in the end fail to enjoy the vision of God. Yet God never forces any man to obey Him, and those who refuse in this life to walk in the path of His commandments must be prepared to meet His justice and mercy. For selfish reasons they have squandered their opportunities. They have already established their wish to live apart from the Almighty.

Quite apart from the multitude of stupid jokes about hell, what is it, really? Our Lord Himself speaks of the "fire," and the "worm." Where and how these operate we do not know. But this much we do know: that separation from God is the essence of eternal punishment. Many Christian writers of undoubted orthodoxy have considered that His descriptions of everlasting punishment are to be taken at full value, but that they are relative. "No creature can exist unless his life is at least endurable; and we may believe that, even in Hell, God bestows such good as the several subjects of His bounty can receive." So writes the late Dr. Francis J. Hall. God's mercy is over all His works, and we may be sure that hell is the best place

possible for those sent there.

The attitude of the early Christians towards the future life carries on the confident hope of the New Testament. Those who have visited the Roman catacombs have been impressed with the sober, cheerful inscriptions: "Flavia in peace," "Joy to Gaius," "Sleep in the Lord." These remind us at once of the deeper significance of Advent. The alleluias of angels and saints in glory will express our own unfeigned joy in meeting the Lord when He shall come again. To go out to meet Him who is the desire of all nations will be our eager wish, if we have really tried to serve Him. To stand at His judgment seat and hear His welcome invitation, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," will more than compensate for all earth's sorrows. St. Paul must have had this scene in mind when he wrote to the struggling congregation in Thessalonica: "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

Even the ancient Egyptians ferried their dead westward in a symbolic last journey to lay them to rest. That trip across the Nile was made in a dim hope that some day their loved ones would rise again. But after the sun had set there followed darkness—quite literally Egyptian darkness, swift and blinding. Yet the ray of hope was there, a ray of true light "to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." If a man die, he still must live. Surely, they thought, Ra will bring him back. Surely, surely. . . .

But when eventide comes for us Christians we face West across Jordan to enter our Promised Land. As victors we enter, to share the beauty and glory of the Lord. Indeed we run swiftly to meet the Sun of Righteousness who brings "healing in His wings." With Him we shall ever abide.

Christmas

A SERMON OF ST. LEO

THERE are certainly no days nor times, dearly beloved, in which the birth of our Lord and Saviour from a Virgin Mother does not present itself to the minds of the faithful, while they meditate on the things of God; so that, when the soul is lifted up to do homage to its Maker, whether it be employed in the sighs of supplication or in the joyful bursts of praise, or in the offerings of sacrifice, its spiritual insight takes hold of nothing more frequently or more trustfully than the fact that God, the Son of God, begotten of the co-eternal Father, was also Himself born of a human birth. But this Nativity, adorable in heaven and on earth, is brought before us by no day more clearly than by this, which, while a fresh light is beaming in the natural world, brings home to our perceptions the brightness of the wondrous mystery. For not only into our remembrance, but in some sense into our very sight, returns that conversation of the Angel Gabriel with the awestruck Mary, and that conception from the Holy Spirit, as marvellous in being promised as in being believed. For today the Maker of the world was brought forth from the Virgin's womb, and He who formed all natures became the Son of her whom He created. Today the Word of God has appeared in the garb of flesh, and that which was never visible to men's eyes begins to be subject even to the touch of their hands. Today the shepherds learned from Angelic voices that a Saviour was born in the essence of our flesh and soul; and among the prelates of the Lord's flock a form has been arranged for proclaiming the good tidings on this day, so that we too say with the host

of the heavenly army, "Glory be to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will."

We, too, are Born

Although therefore that infancy, to which the majesty of the Son of God refused not to stoop, advanced with increasing years to the full-grown manhood; and since the triumph of the Passion and Resurrection was completed, all the acts of that lowliness, which was put on for our sakes, have passed away; yet does this day's festival renew for us the sacred beginnings of the life of Jesus, born of the Virgin Mary; and while we adore our Saviour's birth, we are found to be celebrating our own origin. For the generation of Christ is the starting point of the Christian people, and the birthday of the Head is the birthday of the Body. Although each of those whom He has called has his own sphere, and all the children of the Church are distinguished by succession of times, yet the whole number of the faithful, sprung from the font of Baptism, as they are crucified with Christ in His Passion, and raised to life in His Resurrection, and placed at the Father's right hand in His Ascension, so are born with Him in His Nativity. For every one of the believers in any part of the world who is regenerated in Christ has the line of that old nature in which he was born, cut short, and passes by a second birth into a new man; nor is he now reckoned as belonging to the stock of his natural father, but as an offshoot of the Saviour, who became the Son of Man for this end, that we might be able to be sons of God. For unless He had come down to us by His condescension, no man by any merits of his own could

have attained to Him. On this point, therefore, let not earthly wisdom bring any darkness over the hearts of those who are called; nor let the dust of earthly thoughts, which is soon to return to the depths, lift up itself against the loftiness of the grace of God. That which was arranged before the endless ages was accomplished in the world's closing period; past figurative signs came to an end, and in the presence of reality law and prophecy became truth; that Abraham might become father of all nations, and in his seed might be given to the world the promised blessing; and that the character of the Israelites might belong not only to those who of flesh and blood had begotten, but to the whole body of the adopted ones might come into possession of the inheritance prepared for the children of faith. Let no idle questionings produce clamorous misrepresentation; nor let human reason criticize the carrying out of the Divine work. With Abraham we believe God, and "stronger not through unbelief," but "know with full assurance that what the Lord hath promised, He is able also to perform."

Peace on Earth

Therefore, dearly beloved, there is born, not from flesh and seed, but from the Holy Spirit, a Saviour who could not be held under condemnation for the primæval transgression. When the very greatness of the Gift bestowed exacts from us a reverence worthy of its own splendour. For to this end, as the blessed Apostle teaches, "have we received, not the spirit of this world, but the Spirit which is from God, that we may know the things which have been freely given to us by God. Whom we cannot otherwise



NATIVITY SCENE

fully worship than by offering Him that which He bestows. It is in the treasury of the Lord's bounty what can we find so appropriate, in honour of the present festival, as that peace which is the first thing proclaimed by the choir of Angels at the Lord's nativity? For it is peace which brings forth the children of God, which is the nurse of affection and the mother of unity, the repose of the blessed, and the home of eternity; of which the peculiar mark and special benefit is, that it joins to God those whom it separates from the world. Whence the Apostle stirs us up to seek for this blessing, when he says "Being therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God." In this brief sentence is comprehended

the effect of nearly all the commandments; because where true peace shall be found, no virtue can be absent. But what is it, dearly beloved, to have peace with God, except to say, "I will" to what He commands, and "I will not" to what He forbids? For if human friendships require like-mindedness, and demand similarity of wills, and opposite characters can never attain to a lasting concord, how will he be partaker of Divine peace who is pleased with what displeases God, and longs to delight himself in things whereby he knows that God is offended? This is not the mind of the children of God, nor is such the wisdom that is received by those whom His adoption has ennobled. Let the chosen and royal

race correspond to the dignity of their regeneration; let them love what their Father loves, and have no feelings out of harmony with their Maker; lest the Lord say once more, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know. My people doth not consider."

Great is the sacredness of this gift, dearly beloved; and this grant exceeds all others, that God calls man His son, and man calls God his Father; for by these names we feel and learn what the affection is that ascends to so great a height. For if, in the case of a natural descent and an earthly stock, the sons of noble parents are degraded by evil and vicious conduct, and unworthy descendants are put to shame by the very illustriousness of their ancestors; to what end will they come who do not fear, out of love for this world, to be struck off the roll of the lineage of Christ? But if it is a matter of praise among men that the honour of the fathers should receive new splendour in the offspring, how much more glorious is it that those who are born of God should shine forth after their Maker's image, and exhibit in themselves Him who gave them birth, as our Lord says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." We know indeed, as John the Apostle says, that "The whole world lieth in wickedness;" and the devil and his angels in their plottings strive by numberless temptations to effect this object, that man, while striving after things heavenly, may be either terrified by adversity or corrupted by prosperity. But greater is He who is within us than he who is against us; and those who have peace with God, and are always saying to their Father, with their whole hearts,

"Thy will be done," can be overcome in no struggles and harmed by no conflicts. For when we by our own confession accuse ourselves, and refuse the assent of our mind to carnal appetites, we do indeed stir up against ourselves the hostility of him who is the author of sin; but inasmuch as we are submissive to God's grace, we establish an indestructible peace with Him, so that we are not only subjected to our King by obedience, but united to Him by our own determination. For if we think as He thinks, if we will what He wills, and condemn what He condemns, then, as He has enabled us to will, He will also enable us to act, that so we may be co-operators in His works, and with exulting faith take up the prophet's word, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?"

Not as the World Giveth

Let those then, who "have been born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," offer up to their Father the concord of

"peace-making children;" and let all the members of the adopted family meet in the First-born of the new creation, Who "came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him." For it is not those who are unlike and discordant, but those who think the same things, that the Father in His favour has adopted as His heirs. Those who have been refashioned after one likeness ought to have a conformity of soul. Our Lord's birthday is the birthday of peace, for so says the Apostle: "He is our peace, who hath made both one;" for "whether we be Jews or Gentiles," "through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father;" through Him who before that day of His Passion, which He chose beforehand by a voluntary appointment, instructed His disciples by this lesson above all others, in that He said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." And lest, under a general phrase, it should not be clear what kind of peace He calls His, He added, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The world, He means, has friendships of its own, and brings many together by perverted love. Even in

vicious courses there are congenial spirits, and likeness of desire produces harmony of feeling. And if some persons happen to be found who take no pleasure in what is wicked and base, and exclude from the bond of their loose associations which are unlawful, yet even they, if they are Jews, heretics, or pagans, do not belong to God's peace, but to the world; whereas the peace of spiritual adoption, which comes from heaven, and leads to heaven, will not have us to be united in any sort of fellowship with the lovers of this world, but to resist all hindrances and wing our way from pernicious pleasures to true joys, as our Lord says: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." That is, if where thou lovest is beneath, thou wilt descend to the depths, if above, thou wilt attain to the heights, and thither may we, being one will and mind, and united in faith, hope, and love, be carried and led onward by the Spirit of peace; for "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," who reigneth with the Son and the Holy Spirit forever and ever. Amen.

The Incarnation

By ALAN WHITEMORE, O.H.C.

Part of a lecture delivered at St. Thomas' Church, New York City, under the auspices of the Society of St. Bede.

IF you had shaken hands with Jesus Christ you would have found His hand as real as your own. His body was a real Body with a real skeleton of bone within. When He was nailed to the Cross, red blood—real blood—spurred from the wounds. We should remind ourselves of this. Christ was not a misty Being, half human, half Divine. He was and

is really human. He was and is really Divine.

Moreover, having become man as well as God, He continues to be Man as well as God, forever. His perfect Humanity has been lifted into Heaven. Since it is our own humanity, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, we too have been lifted with Him into Paradise.

Do you see the drama of it? Do you get the picture of our poor, fallen race writhing and wrestling with fear and sin, de-

fenceless against evil, impotent against death? And then do you grasp the Divine answer—God entering into the struggle, coming down from Heaven, clothing Himself in our flesh, fighting and overcoming the evil, "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin," submitting as Man to the experience of death, then rising as Man triumphant and leading us with Him and in Him back to Heaven?

A mother stands at the head of the stairs, watching the help-

ports of her baby as it tries to lumber to her. Again and again attempts but cannot negotiate the first step. She smiles lovingly as she watches. Then she runs down the stairs and grasps her baby and carries it up in her arms. Here is the whole story of the Christian Religion.

So theology need not be meaningless to us. It can be and ought to be the tenderest, sweetest, most precious thing in the world. It will be so, if only we understand it. Theology is a real, red-blooded thing—a warm thing—because it sprang not from fine-spun arguments but from facts.

Seeing and Touching God

What I mean is this: these central dogmas of the Christian Religion—which are filled with dynamite that has turned the world upside down—did not originate in the studies or lecture-rooms of hair-splitting philosophers. They began beside a lake in Galilee—a lake with white-caps and, here and there, the jump of a fish. They began in the smelly, busy bazaars of an oriental city—and on the rolling slopes of a hill. They began, in short, when the strange conviction dawned in the hearts of a dozen peasants that their Friend, their Companion, their Leader, was *Almighty God*.

How baffled they must have been at such a thought! For, indeed, peasants though they were, they belonged to a race with a unique genius for religion. They were religious men. And the central tenet of their particular religion, the religion of the Jews, has and always had been that there is but *One Divine Being*—*One God*.

Other races had thought otherwise. The Egyptians, the Philistines, the Medes, the Babylonians—these other races had believed in galaxies of divine beings. But to the Jews these other races and their religions were anathema. Through centuries of persecu-

tion and captivity the Jews had kept their integrity as a race. They had sojourned freely or by force among their neighbors but they had never been absorbed. They had kept their individuality, their separateness. And the tie that bound them to one another—the wall that kept them from merging with the rest—was the absolute, unshakable conviction that there is *One Jehovah*.

On the right doorpost of every Jewish dwelling was fastened an inscription—the “Shema.” The



pious Jew touched it always on entering and leaving his house. As a small child he had been lifted by his parents to touch it. It said, “Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is *One Lord*.” Devout Jews wore it on their arms and on their foreheads. Again and again they repeated it as a sort of Creed. “The Lord our God is *One Lord*.”

And this *One Lord* was conceived of as an all-present, invisible Spirit. No image, no likeness could be made of Him, as the pagans made images of their many so-called deities. No man could look on the True God—the Great “I Am”—and live.

Unless you grasp something of this national abhorrence of the Jews for the very notion of a multiplicity of gods on the one hand, and, on the other, of a god that could be touched and seen, you

cannot sense the terrible bewilderment of Christ’s disciples. Andrew, Simon Peter, James and John—they had known from their earliest infancy that there is but *One God* and that He is *Pure Spirit*—*Invisible*. Yet here is *One* with whom they have laughed and eaten and walked and slept—*One* whom they have touched with their hands, seen with their eyes, heard with their ears. And they have ended by worshipping Him.

Finding God Within

Ten days after the Ascension, their problem was still further increased. It happened as they sat together, a hundred and twenty of them, in the Upper Room. They were praying. Suddenly they heard a sound as of a mighty, rushing wind which filled the whole house where they were sitting. You know that sound. You have heard it on winter nights. But you have heard it shrieking and whistling *outside* the house. This time it was *within*. I don’t suppose that a curtain stirred or a grain of dust was lifted—there was just the uncanny sound. Then each one saw, for a moment, a bonfire blazing on every other head in the room. It appeared and was gone. But at that instant a brand-new Power rushed into them. They were charged with it—saturated with Peace beyond anything they had ever known; a sweet, piercing thrill of the heart; unutterable joy.

They raced to the door and flung it open. Down into the street they poured, laughing, touching one another as in a dream, shouting their praise to God. For a moment, people thought they were drunk; then listened, spell-bound, to these men and women with shining eyes who told them about God’s love. On that first day alone, three thousand were converted.

The original excitement abated. The disciples went about their work of converting the

world. It was grim work at times. They knew what it was to be hungry and weary and fretful, to battle with fear and temptation within them, to undergo scourging and stoning and, at last, to be imprisoned, thrown to the lions, burnt at the stake. But, now and again, as they knelt in prayer or looked by night at the quiet heavens, that first strange experience recurred. Suddenly, unheralded, there stole into their hearts that quiet sweetness, that sense of strength, that unutterable joy which had been theirs on the day of Pentecost. In other words, the disciples now knew God *within* them.

Thinking Out the Meaning

So, there they were, confronted with a baffling problem. They were as much possessed as ever by the unswerving conviction that God is One. Yet they worshipped Him in three distinct ways: as the Invisible, All-sustaining Father; as One whom they had known and sojourned with in human form; and, finally, as One who dwelt in their own hearts.

Nor could they explain the mystery by asserting that these were but three manifestations of the same Divine Person; because they had heard the Persons speak to and about One Another. They remembered the awful voice from Heaven, "This is My Beloved Son—hear Him." They remembered the words in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" and on the Cross, "Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit." They remembered that Christ had consoled them with the assurance of "another Comforter whom the Father will send in My Name."

"There are not three Gods," they said. "There is and can be but One God. Yet the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Spirit is God." And there they left it, in their primitive creed,

their simple baptismal formula—"in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

So the facts came first, and the facts were these: first, an ineradicable conviction inherited from their race that "the Lord our God is One Lord;" second, an overwhelming series of experiences revealing to the disciples that the Father is God, the Son is God and the Holy Ghost is God. The facts came first and, only then, the philosophers; who applied to the facts the profoundest thought not merely of the Greeks but of centuries of Christian Theology.



There is but One God. In the nature of things there can be only one God. The Universe is not big enough for more than One Infinite Mind, for more than One Absolute Will. But the One God is not a mere sterile, lonely Unity. In the One God there are Three Great Selves, or Centers of Consciousness, who love One Another with Infinite Love, eternally.

That is the Christian Faith; and that one of these Divine Selves or "Persons" became also the Self of a genuine human being: Jesus is God.

What Difference Does it Make?

Sometimes a person asks, "Why is it necessary to believe that Jesus is God? Why is it not enough to believe that He is a mere man, just like the rest of us, only immeasurably better than the rest? How can Christ be an example to us if He is God as well as Man?

Would it not be more inspiring to believe that He lived a perfect life with no more to start on than we have—that, if we want to, we too can live like Him?"

The answer is twofold. The first part is that we are to believe that Jesus is God because it is true. Truth comes first, at a cost. Nevertheless, in the long run, truth is more fruitful than falsehood. So the second part—the answer is that the two beliefs—on the one hand that Jesus is God, on the other, that He is merely man and not God—lead in the long run, to diametrically opposite results. Or, rather, they would so lead if a person were to think things through to rock bottom and, in every particular, fashion his life accordingly.

As a matter of fact, no one has ever quite done this. No one has thought through utterly and unswervingly applied the one belief or the other. Each of us is, on the contrary, a complicated mixture of good and evil and we shall be so till we die. But it is simple to think what the tendency would be in our own case if, while believing Jesus to be only a man, we nevertheless acknowledged His absolute perfection; and if, furthermore, we tried with all our might to be perfect as He is perfect. We would become the victims either of pride or of despair.

For if Christ was only a man and not also God, then He lived that perfect life by virtue of powers inherent in human nature. His nature and ours. God, of course, put those powers there to begin with, but they are not so to speak, our own. In that case we also can live a perfect life if we try hard enough, by virtue of powers inherent in ourselves. We try and if we think we succeed we are Pharisees. We all have known people who thought they were pretty nearly perfect. And we know how foolishly mistaken they were. Yet, if we try with

our might and fail—and realize our failure—there is nothing to do at the end but to despair. Christ did it. I had the same chance He did—the same impulses, the same powers within me. Yet I have abjectly failed.” In other words, the belief that Jesus was only a man like ourselves—and nothing more—leads logically to dependence upon ourselves.

The Power of the Gospel

Now think how different it is if we know the truth. For the truth of the matter is that we have not, within ourselves, the power to be perfect. On the contrary, we are typical members of a race that is frail, impotent, torn with evil passions; now making sporadic efforts after virtue, now falling away; brave and generous at one moment; cowardly, sluggish and selfish at another.

So it has been through the ages: men struggling against evil within them and without; winning, at one moment, transient victories; forfeiting them at the next. It is what we see in our own hearts and throughout the world around us—what we see as we cast our eyes back over human history to the beginning—a race in bondage, a world tarnished with sin.

And, then, a new thing happened—a thing so new that the Heavens opened and sang. “Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.” “When all things were in quiet silence and that night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leaped down from Heaven out of His Royal Throne.” “And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.”

By a miracle (the miracle of the Virgin Birth—befitting the new thing which was taking place) a Child was born who brought with Him into the world a fresh and energizing power. Within that real human form was a Divine Self—He Who is Almighty God taking our human nature, leading a human life—living that life as it ought to be lived, facing sin and death as they ought to be faced, conquering sin and death as they ought to be conquered; then, incorporating us by Baptism into His own perfect Humanity, imparting to us through Holy Communion that very life He lived so perfectly, lifting us up to the very Heaven from which He came.

Do you see what a difference it makes to believe the Truth about Jesus? It makes all the difference in the world. If you think of Him as just one man among many, and nothing more—if you think of Him, in other words, as you might think of Lincoln or St. Francis or Socrates, the thought leads to dependence upon self.

“He did it: why not I?” If you know the truth, it leads to that blessed dependence upon your Saviour which is the essence of Christian living and Christian joy. He is man indeed—flesh of your flesh—yet He is also God. You can worship and adore Him, you can bring your sins to be washed in His most Precious Blood that you may be whiter than snow. Receiving His life into your soul you can indeed do the things that He has done.

Dependence on Christ is not the abject, supine thing that dependence would be upon one who were man alone. It is dependence upon One who is Himself Very God. As He pours the Holy Spirit into your heart you too may go forth into the world, as the first Christians went of old, conquering and to conquer. Each Christian can be and is (in Him) another Christ.

An Invalid Travels in Africa

By WILLIAM E. HARRIS, O.H.C.

Many of our readers are familiar with Father Harris' *Plenty-How-Do from Africa*, a collection of letters written during his first sojourn at Bolahun and later issued in book form by the Holy Cross Press. Father Harris' second assignment at the Mission was cut short by a sudden and mysterious illness. He describes its beginnings and the many misadventures of his journey home in the following graphic story. We all thank God with him that he is so much better and that he is, to borrow his own phrase, “getting fat.”

THE Christmas festivities at Bolahun a year ago were about over, but the alluring sound of many drums drew me to the town to behold the fascinating scene once more. Toward evening I slowly made my way back to the Monastery. I felt a little dizzy and thought I should take some medicine. That night I took four grains of calomel but the dizziness remained and slowly got

worse. I said Mass at the Sister's Chapel but felt I should not attempt it again. It was then decided that I ought to see a doctor. Since, despite the most earnest efforts, we have been unable to get one to replace Doctor Veatch who left two years ago, the nearest physician was far away in Sierra Leone. On December 31st, I packed an overnight bag and had carriers lined up for



PALS

Holy Cross Liberian Mission

the eight-hour journey to Buyadu. The Prior gave me three pounds, which seemed ample as I fully expected to be back in a couple of days. So leaning on my boy, Momo, and a stick, I walked down to the town, but the boys then thought it best for me to get into the hammock. This I did not relish as the poor boys had to carry me most of the way. About half way to Buyadu I saw something from my pocket in the hammock. I then looked for the money but could not find it. Thinking that one of the boys had picked it up I asked Momo to enquire but cautioned him to go easy as I might have forgotten to bring it. The boys assured us they had seen no money. So I felt more detached than ever. (Later I found out that I had left the money at the Mission.) Nearing the end of our

journey I got out of the hammock and found I could run better. So leaning on the arm of a school boy I ran for some distance. We finally reached Buyadu at four in the afternoon after travelling from seven-thirty that morning. Two hours earlier, I had stopped at Foya Customs and Isaac David, the customs officer, kindly lent me three pounds. We stayed overnight at the house of a Syrian trader. The next morning we took a lorry to Kailahun and went to see the government doctor stationed there. He was very kind and examined me, but could find nothing he could do and advised my going to the hospital in Freetown. The doctor took a blood specimen and I was to come back the next day. He then asked if I had a place to stay for the night. I assured him I did not, where-

upon he thought I might possibly stay at the Methodist Mission. So, still leaning on Momo and my stick, I started out to find the place. After walking three quarters of a mile from the town, we finally arrived there. But the catechist thought that I had come to see another doctor who was there at the time. We walked up the hill for another quarter of a mile and then it dawned on me that they were taking me to the other doctor. We then about-faced and walked back again. The catechist was very kind and insisted that he clean up and move out of his hut so that I could stay there. I ate very little supper and began to be violently sick, so went to bed. Shortly after, Chemo, who is an orderly at the hospital, and one of our old school-boys came up with a chicken. He also gave me a bath. That night I slept well. The next morning, at nine o'clock, Momo and I started out for the hospital. The blood test showed only a trace of malaria—so I was told. The doctor examined me again and found he could do nothing and again advised my going to Freetown. He gave me a pass to take me the two-day train trip beginning the next morning. I then had to send a couple of telegrams. Unfortunately the office was situated up a long hill about three quarters of a mile away. I nevertheless felt that I had to go. Momo and I climbed up. It was about noon. I then called up the station master to ask if I could go on the freight train Friday. The station master was out for dinner. Back to the hospital we made our way again. I told my story to the doctor who assured me that they would take me on the train next morning. I showed my doctor's pass. We then had to walk all the way back to the Methodist Mission. Arriving there I breathed a sigh of relief and thought I could get rest. But no; word came that the lorry could not come to the Mi-

So I told Momo to pack up and we would go to town and get a lorry. We finally got there. After riding for a couple of hours we arrived at Pendembu and went to a Syrian trader who took us in. When the trader saw me come stumbling in I could tell by the look in his face that he hoped I was not going to stay there. I hastily assured him that I was going to take the train the next morning. He equally hastily assured me that the train did not run on Fridays. I did not like the idea of staying there till Monday, which was the next regular train day, so Momo and I walked the half-mile to the station. I sat down and told my story and presented the doctor's notice. The station master called up headquarters and they said I could travel in a caboose on the freight train, Monday. We stepped outside and I was sick again. It must have convinced the station agent that I did better get to the hospital! We walked back to the Syrian's house. When allowed Momo to go to visit friends in the town. I was left alone for about two hours and was incessantly sick at my stomach. At about seven in the evening the Syrian came in and called for dinner. He induced me to drink some whiskey and I ate dinner and felt better. I got upstairs and went to bed. The Syrian had asked Momo to stay up all night as to be ready at four-thirty A.M. to catch the train which was to leave at six. At four-thirty, Momo rushed out to get the boys to carry baggage, and he and I with lanterns and stick, but without breakfast, started.

Neither the train nor the agent were in sight, but some natives were sitting around a fire and we warmed them. I then suggested to Momo that he make some coffee so we would at least have that. At a quarter to six the station agent came and sold us tickets and suggested that I get into the caboose.

It was my intention to make use of the camp bed which I had with me. I tried to fit it into the small space but in vain. Someone then thought of a steamer chair, so I asked Momo to see what he could do. After an interminable wait he came back and said that the man had no steamer chair. The train was already late. But I had to sit down somewhere. I rushed Momo back to the Syrian's to get a chair of any kind. After another long wait he finally came and we merrily started off, but stopped at every station. We were fortunate in getting a few peanuts and oranges to eat on the way.

About half way to Bo the guard said the train would probably have to wait for half an hour. Momo thought it a good chance to stretch his legs. No sooner had he disappeared than the train started to move. I felt that I was being abandoned more than ever. The assistant guard jumped off and began to yell for Momo and finally located him.

They had to run for it. Luckily the train was not moving fast and the two of them caught up with it and got on.

At four o'clock we arrived at Bo, its stopping place for the night. I then went to the ticket agent who assured me that a seat in the first class would be available the next morning for the second half of the journey to Freetown.

I then made my way to the Roman Catholic Mission of the Holy Ghost Fathers who took me in and were most kind, doing everything for me. I told Father Colman I should have to borrow two pounds but he was generosity itself and insisted that I take six. I had supper and breakfast but there was no time to wait while some lunch was got ready. However, they sent it after me to the train. But Momo ate the lunch.

The regular train goes from Bo to Freetown on Saturdays so

I was fortunate in getting that. I had a section of the First Class carriage to myself for half of the journey. I also was fortunate in seeing Patrick Saa and another school-boy friend before the train left Bo. As soon as the train was on the move, the door began to bang and I got up to fix it. The latch was broken so I inserted the window strap between door and post and this held it fast.

Momo would come to see if I wanted anything, at every stop we made. At Segbwema two Holy Ghost Fathers, a Brother and two Sisters got on the train. They were all very kind.

Soon, I began to be quite sick but luckily sat by an open window! The train was about three hours late and instead of arriving at Freetown at five in the evening pulled into the station at eight.

At Clinetown, which is really a suburb of Freetown and about two miles from there, the train stopped and Momo came to pack things for getting off the train. He tried the door but it would not give way and the train started leaving Momo behind and I found myself alone.

When we reached Freetown, Mr. Fred Ward of the C.M.S. Bookshop met me at the station and finding me alone packed up for me and said he had arranged for an ambulance to meet the train and could I get out to the stretcher unaided. With the help of the stick I managed it and found the ambulance outside.

The drivers argued that because I had come from another country they were in doubt as to whether to take me or not. Fred Ward assured them that he had the doctor's orders and told me to get into the ambulance. Up the long hill we started and the doors flew open and began to bang back and forth. Had I fallen out they certainly would not have known it until the ambulance reached the hospital. I was put straight to bed and

treated for malaria. From two and a half grains of quinine, which was my dose every day, I was raised to twenty-five grains and then gradually reduced. But it turned out to be something worse than malaria, though neither the doctors in Freetown



nor those in New York know what it was, to this day.

I cannot speak highly enough of the European Hospital at Free-

town. The best of food and care was given me. I stayed there for six weeks until a ship sailed for America.

I offer all up for the conversion of Africa. I am now extremely well and actually getting fat again. I am very grateful to God.

The Oriel Common Room

By PAUL BARSTOW

THE Oriel Common Room was the crucible in which the sundry elements which were to form the Oxford Movement were brought to white heat and fused, finally to be poured forth as a living dynamic which was to shake the Church of England to its Erastian foundations. Having shaken these pseudo-foundations, the Anglo-Catholic Revival was to reveal the long hidden and neglected rock of Catholic truth on which the Church was to stand against the gases of Hell.

Now a college common room at Oxford is no more than the place where the Fellows may have lunch or breakfast, and where they gather, when not occupied elsewhere, to sip tea or port before a fire, and talk over the work of the day or anything else which comes to mind. Yet there was in the Oriel Common Room of the first three decades of the nineteenth century a unique ethos which placed it above and beyond that brief description. Forces were at work there, and personalities were in contact, which soon were to act and react as flint and steel. Something made the Oriel Common Room an altogether different genus from that of Christ Church or Exeter or any other Oxford college.

A Progressive College

Oriel College was founded in 1324, by Adam de Broome. For centuries it was no better and no worse than its collegiate neighbors. For these same centuries, Oxford examinations had been farcical. As the complete requirement for a supposed examination in Hebrew, a student might be asked the word for "place of a skull." This is typical, but it is not to say that Oxford did not produce brilliant men. It is only to say that examinations were meaningless. Fools, if they had means, found no difficulty in obtaining degrees which declared them scholars, while scholars had no means for proving themselves better than fools. At about the turn of the century in 1800, under Provost John Eveleigh, Oriel took the plunge. It offered real examinations to all comers. The response was immediate and positive, as men who wanted to show the stuff they were made of offered themselves in competition for distinction. Soon all Oxford but New College had adopted this scheme. Oriel was hailed as the daring innovator of a system which was to recover respect for Oxford in the eyes of men who thought of a university as more than a select club for young men of means. More was to come from

that once despised Oriel. If men were now to be able to prove their worth, Oriel determined that worth should find within her walls a mansion prepared for herself.

In the past, Oriel, no less than her sister colleges, had chosen her Fellows for their conviviality and congeniality. Now she embarked on a course which was to win her the first place in Oxford intellectual life. She gave examinations for Fellowships to all who wished to attempt them, and chose, from among the plentiful candidates for this distinction, those who could prove their merit, regardless of social position or taste in wines. Only one more step was necessary, and that the Fellows. Oriel did not long hesitate to take. They wanted merit, yet many individuals possess great merit which cannot be shown on an examination paper. So the Oriel men dared to choose Fellows, not for what they had read but for what they were—not for their attainments alone, but also for their characters. Small wonder, then, that in the first quarter of the last century, Oriel College took her place as undisputed without a peer in Oxford, and that in her Common Room were gathered the most brilliant and original minds in the realm. A

Fellowship became the best intellectual preferment of age.

In 1814, Dr. Edward Copples was elected Provost of Oriel. Eveleigh had commenced, continued and developed. As Provost, he was a great figure in Oxford, in every sense. His compelling person and arresting intellect were everywhere felt. Oriel had every quality of an executive in great measure. No small part of Oriel's efficacy must be ascribed to his qualities. In all this, we are aided by Richard Whately, a man of dominating brilliance and power. His range was widely speculative, and he attacked everything, be it idea or person, which did not stand on its own and the severest intellectual buff he could administer. High Churchmen and Evangelicals he utterly despised. These two men dominated the Oriel Common Room in 1820. Gentler Keble was the man to oppose this rough-preponderance. He retired, almost withdrawn, in the background, while Tyler, Hawkins, Arnold, and Richards were behind the chiefs. Nothing safe from the intellectual big game of this amazing group, known popularly as the "No-nos." Suffice it to say that they were respected by all and feared by many. They held a position in the University regarded with religious awe. In the words of Geoffrey Faber, "A free logic, rooted in a classical tradition, was the note of this society. Conversion in the Oriel Common Room was a hunting of first principles; an amalgam of Aristotelism and Christianity; quick, open-minded, learned, ear- and witty. To these 'No-nos' it must have seemed that the intellectual future of Oxford and of England was theirs. And perhaps it might have been, if they had not made the fatal mistake of thinking that they

were strong enough to digest such men as Keble, Newman, Pusey, and Hurrell Froude." Yes, it was this group, swelled by the disappointing additions of Hartley and Plumer, which, for the third straight year, despised the honors list, and elected John Henry Newman to a Fellowship in 1822.

John Henry Newman

During his first years in the Oriel Common Room, Newman was not an influence to be felt. He was excessively obsequious and shy. Liking him, his new companions yet despaired of drawing him out. Finally Whately, soon to leave his Fellowship, was assigned to the task. His success was unbounded. Under his forceful tutelage, Newman came out of his shell. Always a man who needed an authority which he could accept implicitly, in Whately he found this need for the moment supplied. When Whately left the field, Newman's Evangelical position had been shaken by his hammer blows, and was never to recover. Hawkins next took over the moulding of the future giant, and by the time two years had passed, Newman was a man to be reckoned with, free of Evangelical fetters, and searching for an outlet for the tremendous intellectual and emotional energies which surged within him.

Gradually, Newman moved into the life of an Oriel tutor. His devotion and energy made him an able one, and his tuition was sought after and proved rewarding. The years from 1824 to 1829 were uneventful, but necessary. Whately and Hawkins had knocked the Evangelical stuffing out of Newman. They had not filled its place. In these years Newman was developing his mind, his character, and his techniques for their later application. Slowly the strangeness and awesomeness of his surroundings began to wear off. Older tutors retired and Newman attained a position in the col-

lege. He was taking a place, as his capabilities were developing. The man could never be won by a frontal assault. He held out against the "Noetics" because it was his nature to do so. Content to be Whately's anvil, he was not a man to be the pliable metal. Now a carefully constructed and super-charged vehicle, he had yet to be filled with fuel and set off by the igniting spark.

Hurrell Froude

In 1826, fresh from the study room conversations and walking disputations of John Keble, Hurrell Froude arrived at Oriel to take his place in the Common Room. Keble's ideas, assimilated and developed by his incomparably adept pupil, were now to make their impact on the waiting mind of Newman. In that mind, they were to find first lodging, then further development, and finally the vehicle of their propulsion.

But before the summer of 1829, Froude and Newman had little in common and made few contacts apart from their ordinary institutional commerce. Froude, fresh from Keble's High Church Toryism, was wary of a Newman tainted by the liberalism of Whately. Newman was not yet enough himself to appreciate Froude; to cast off liberalism completely, or to see behind the narrow front of the High Church party. But in 1829, both were ripe for the association which was to give birth to the Anglo-Catholic Revival. Dean Church has best expressed this metamorphosis: "Mr. Newman was at this time, as he has told us, drifting away from under the shadow of liberalism; and in Froude he found a man who, without being a liberal, was as quick-sighted, as courageous, and as alive to great thoughts and new hopes as himself. Very different in many ways, they were in this alike; that the common-place notions of religion



HURRELL FROUDE

and the Church were utterly unsatisfactory to them, and that each had the capacity for affectionate and whole-hearted friendship." Now, indeed, the Oriel Common Room took on a different tone. The old party had moved out. Hawkins was Provost largely through Newman's decisive intervention, and Newman's position was assured, not only as the principle tutor, but as the new vicar of St.-Mary-the-Virgin. The thoughts and aspirations which flashed through Froude's mind like meteors, were arrested by Newman, examined, enlarged, and finally assimilated. We can get a picture of the Common Room society. The brilliant, lovable Froude propounded; Newman, Wilberforce and Mozley probed and aired the views he radically expressed; and finally, Newman modified and appropriated with his own unique ability. Then Newman, with his wonderful talent for entering in-

to other men's minds and projecting his thoughts in such manner as refused rejection, placed in the wider field of a real and vital influence in the Church, what was developing in the intimate comradeship of the Oriel group.

A Blessing in Disguise

We must here note a decisive factor in the liberation of those gifts which characterized the "Oxford Apostles" from the academic encasement which might have smothered them. Newman and Froude had always looked on the tutorial office as no less a cure of souls than the parochial one, as had Keble. They regarded their students as sheep committed to their pastoral shepherding. This concept developed in the discussions of the Common Room till, in 1829, they were no longer content to follow the prevalent system. They insisted that it was the right and duty of a tutor to develop the character and scholarship of each pupil, in conformity with his abilities and aptitudes, instead of cramming it with the specific facts and predetermined concepts required for success in the traditional examinations. This plan they submitted to Provost Hawkins almost in the form of an ultimatum. His reaction was trenchant. The Provost saw in this plan a threat to his control over the activities of the college, and an innovation which would place the objectives and methods of tuition beyond his ken. This he would not tolerate, and he responded to the veiled threat from his tutors with overt attack. From henceforth no students would be assigned to tuition. They might hold whatever views they liked on the functions of a tutor, but he would give them no opportunity to apply them. Consequently, by 1831, Newman, Froude, and Wilberforce had no tutorial functions. Right or wrong as their position may have been, founded as it was on the agreement of ear-

nest Common Room discussion, the result of their stand was to free their energies for the wider fields of labor which lay before them. The devotion and zeal which they had lavished on their pupils and tuition, were now to find other objects, as the aims moved on to broader activities.

And we must also note another important factor in the direction their thought took. The Rev. Joseph Blanco White was a frequent visitor in the Oriel Common Room. He was a former priest of the Roman Church who had come over to the Church of England, and had an honorary position at Oriel. In him, Newman and Froude beheld the spectacle of a deflected Roman Catholic who was no advertisement for defection. Before their eyes he gradually disintegrated morally, spiritually, and intellectually. But more important than this prejudicial circumstance was the agency as an informative influence on their rising interest in Catholic faith and practice.

Finally, in 1831, Froude's health made it impossible for him to remain at Oxford. He was brought to the Oriel Common Room still darkened by the shadow of "Noetic" liberalism, the spirit of Keble, in such form as Newman took it up. The crucible had been filled—the elements had been fused. Now the product was ready to be poured forth. The Oriel Common Room had done its work. The Oxford Movement wanted only the final impulse to launch it on the stagnant waters of the Erastian Church.



Our Business and God's

By FREDERICK WARD KATES

HERE are two kinds of things in the world—those things that are given to us, are our business, and those things committed to God, that are His business. God expects us to do what properly belongs to Him, to take care of what is our business, but He also expects us to let Him take care of what is His business.

The common error of people like you and me is to get these categories mixed-up and confused. What is God's business we seldom consider our business. *Vice versa*, what is our own business we often think is God's. We are most apt to err in considering as our business what properly is God's. It is difficult to learn to limit ourselves to do what is ours to do and committing unto God what is His. It is a large part of the secret of life to know what things are our responsibility, and we would spare ourselves untold anguish and misery in living if we could learn to distinguish between things that are given to us and those things which should be committed completely to God. This makes for a blessed simplification, serenity, and effectiveness in living. All God wants of us is to do the best and the wisest and the highest that we can at the moment according to our understanding of His will at that moment, and then commit the rest to Him. We shall have the peace of spirit God wants us to have if we do what He desires, namely, do what is ours to do and commit the rest to Him.

World Affairs

Take the world-situation to be a cause for anxiety and alarm

to each one of us. We feel so helpless and impotent to influence it in any way. Yet doesn't the answer to this frustrated feeling lie in a realistic appraisal of the matter as being one which is largely God's affair?

All that is in our power is to do the best and wisest and highest we know according to our present apprehension of the mind of Christ, and then commit the rest to God. We can do very little, directly, about guiding the course of the world. We might as well acknowledge this and also the fact that what the new era in world history is going to be is largely God's concern and will be of His doing. Our part is to live through these days and years content, in quietness of mind, doing the best and wisest and highest we can, and entrusting the rest to God.

We do not advocate a policy of doing nothing and letting things take what course they will. We are saying simply that by our anxiety and fretfulness and distress of mind we reveal a mistrust in Providence and doubt that the issue of all events is in far wiser hands than our own. We are saying that he who believes in the over-ruling Providence of God, guiding and guarding and caring for the world and for mankind, will be calm and steady and patient even in the midst of our upturned world of this hour.

It is not resignation and passive inaction but rather faith that we plead for. You and I should do what we can to affect the course of world-affairs; but the world-situation, grievous and ominous as it is, is not directly a matter given to us to deal with:

it is primarily God's business. Ours is to do what we can in our limited way, live in quietness of mind, and commit the rest to God.

Social Relations

If the way things work out in the vast arena of world-affairs is largely God's affair and will be primarily His doing, so also is it true with regard to our relationships with other people.

In these relations there is often a vast difference between things we intend and what really does happen. We seek to do a man service and our action is misinterpreted and we are charged with doing an injury. We do the right thing by our children, according to what light we have, and what we have done turns out to be exactly the wrong thing. So it goes. Here again we must do the best and the wisest and the highest that we know according to our understanding of God's will at the moment, and then commit the rest to Him.

In our dealings with other people, though we try to do the best thing and the wisest and the highest according to Christian standards, we shall still make mistakes. But the thing to remember is that God is able to use even our mistakes for His good purposes. He does not make the carrying out of His will dependent on our actions. He asks us only to put into action the best and highest and finest that we can according to our understanding of the mind of Christ. In our dealings with people, we are to do the best we can, the most Christian thing we can, and then commit the rest to God. It is ours to do this, but it is God's how the issue shall be.

Progress

A final thing: about ourselves. We are always trying to mold ourselves into saints. That is a noble aspiration and a praiseworthy endeavor for Christians, for though we are sinners we know we are destined to be saints. But there is such a thing as too much striving, even to be better, to be saints: striving that betrays too much self-concern.

It is not, frankly, our business to fashion ourselves into Godliness. That is God's business. It

is ours to stand before God and say, "Behold me, Lord, a sinner. Take me, Lord, as I am and make of me what You will."

Here again, you see, with regard to ourselves we are prone to get things mixed-up—to take for our own business what is properly God's. It is our business only to act as faithfully as we can according to the mind of Christ, to seek God's will as it is revealed in all the events of our lives, and then commit the rest to Him.

It all comes to this: "Just as

there is a lower carelessness which means death to the soul, so there is a higher carelessness which is the supreme gift of religion. You must at length rest back upon God. . . . If at the heart of this there is not perfect wisdom, justice, and loving care, it is useless. So, let us do what is at hand. Let us do according to the best and wisest and highest that we know, and then leave all the rest where it should be entrusted to God.

The Madison Street Mission Chapel

A FORGOTTEN LANDMARK OF THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

By THOMAS J. WILLIAMS

NOT the least of the charms of rummaging in second-hand book-shops is the hope—occasionally rewarded—of turning up hidden and long-forgotten treasure. More than once such a reward has compensated the present writer for the hours happily wasted in this favorite "day-off" pastime. The most recent and one of the most valuable finds of the writer's experience is a work in two volumes, entitled *Recent Recollections of the Anglo-American Church*, "by an English Layman Five Years Resident in that Republic." It bears the imprint: "London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, MDCCCLXI." The work is, appropriately, dedicated to the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, who had some years previously, in *A History of the Church in America*, urged on English Churchmen their duty of acquainting themselves with the history and life of the daughter Church in America. Nowhere in the two volumes is the name or identity of the author revealed. Only recently has the following of

a slight clue led to the positive identification of the "English layman five years resident in this Republic." But of that in its due order.

A review of the entire work would be both interesting and informing, since many a long-forgotten incident and individual of the history of the Church in the United States in the mid-nineteenth Century—from New York to Minnesota and beyond—is here mentioned or described. Of particular interest are the impressions and reflections of the author, especially his admiration of the American Church and his undisguised preference for some of our points of difference from the Church of England. The purpose of the present article, however, is to retell, as much as possible in the words of the aforesaid "English Layman," the forgotten story of the first effort made in New York—and one of the earliest on this side of the Atlantic—to bring the Catholic Movement in the United States into line with the advances being made in its ceremonial expression by Anglo-Cath-

olics in England: the organization and founding in 1857 of a definitely Anglo-Catholic Chapel.

A Pioneer Catholic Work

The word "Anglo-Catholic" used advisedly of the teaching, worship and other distinctive features of the Madison Street Mission Chapel; for not only is the term employed by the author of *Recollections* to characterize the ceremonial ("ritualism," calls it) and the teaching of the Mission, but it serves to differentiate the Madison Street Chapel from the several "High Church" parishes and missions recently (a) organized, and from several older churches as Trinity and chapels, where the teaching and worship were far in advance of prevailing standards, but were still very "moderate" indeed.

The discovery of the existence—to say nothing of the origin and character—of this unblushingly avowed Anglo-Catholic cha-

(a) The Church of the Annunciation in 1838; The Church of the Transfiguration in 1849; the Church of the Holy Innocents in 1853.

published at so early a date with di-
al Episcopal approval, caus-
a surprise almost incredulous.
far as known to the writer,
e of the histories of the Epis-
al Church, not even De
le's *Catholic Movement in the*
American Episcopal Church,
es mention of this early fruit-
of that movement. Reference
the W.P.A. *Inventory of*
Church Archives in New York
, however, verified the date of
anization (1857) and the ad-
ss (256 Madison Street) given
Recollections; and among oth-
neager data gave the informa-
a that the Mission continued
existence (after 1873 at 50
rgers Street) until as recent a
e as 1897. Yet the remem-
nce of its very existence seem-
to have perished even among
holics.

The writing of the present ar-
e, in order to revive that re-
embrance, was already *in petto*,
en Dr. Edward Clowes Chor-
s Hale Lectures on *Men and*
vements in the American
episcopal Church was published.
ere, on pages 369-370, one
nd a brief but adequate ac-
nt of the opening of the Mad-
n Street Free Chapel, with quo-
ons from "an English lay-
n's" *Recollections of the An-*
-American Church. Thanks to
kindness of Dr. Chorley, it has
n possible to trace the history
l to identify the personnel of
s pioneer Catholic work, in the
ords of contemporary Church
ers: *The Churchman* of 1857
l *The Church Journal*, Vol-
es V-VII. Combined with the
rative of "an English Lay-
n," these contemporary press-
ices yield the following story:
n 1857, Mr. John Hecker, one
e the partners of the Croton
ur Mills and since 1853 owner
The Churchman, being much
ressed by the spiritual desti-
tion of many of the 37,000 in-
itants of the district adjacent
his home in Rutgers Street, fit-

ted up one of the floors of the
Churchman Building at 256 Mad-
ison Street as a "Collegiate School
for Boys." This school was "de-
signed to impart a good, sound,
and useful education on Church
principles." The office of Head
Master Mr. Hecker conferred on
"an English gentleman well
versed in Church Music, a good
reader as well as a good teacher,"
Mr. Edmond Henry Spring-Rice.
Holding a lay-reader's license
from the Provisional Bishop of
the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Horatio
Potter, he was qualified for "the
performance of Daily Morning
and Evening Prayer" in the chap-
el of the School.

On March 10th, 1857, "The
Collegiate School for Boys" was
opened "with a Choral Service,
several boys having been already
partly qualified for the choir,
which on this occasion was aug-
mented by some of the students of
the [General] Theological Sem-
inary." "There being several cler-
gymen present in their surplices,
the Service was regularly per-
formed with their assistance," in-
stead of by the Head Master. The
latter, "at the close of Divine Serv-
ice, . . . delivered a very able ad-
dress, explaining the nature and
object of the school; and he was
followed by two or three of the
clergy . . . wishing it 'God-speed,'
and expressing their hope that a
similar Church movement might
be made in other of the populous
districts of the city, where, as
here, such efforts were urgently
required. . . . The opening serv-
ice was closed with the singing of
the *Gloria in excelsis*."

The inauguration of the
school was but the prelude to the
principal object of Mr. Hecker
and his associates: the "founding
and organizing of a Mission
Chapel in which Anglo-Catholic
Church Ritualism [sic] might be
correctly observed, and Anglo-
Catholic teaching faithfully en-
forced, while missionary work
was earnestly carried on in the

populous district around—more
particularly among the English of
the working classes," who were
"numerous and . . . too much
overlooked."



Episcopal Fears

In the promotion of this work
Mr. Hecker had the approval of
Bishop Potter, who refused to be
frightened by "the misrepresenta-
tion of the opponents of a more
Catholic Ritualism and of the
Catholic movement generally in
the Church." "All sorts of ma-
licious and mischievous rumours"
were circulated as to the work
and object of the Mission and its
promoters. Hostile "organs of the
Press, both religious and secular,
assailed it and did their utmost
to cry it down." "One thing only
appeared to have given the Bish-
op uneasiness. He had been in-
formed that [it was] intended to
have a surpliced choir. Such a
thing had never before been
heard of in the American
Church." It was the author of
Recollections who set the episco-
pal apprehensions to rest on this
point, finding that they were
based not on any "objection to a
surpliced choir—on the contrary,
he would like to see it in the
American Church, as he had seen
it and admired it . . . in the Moth-
er Church of England. But he

had his fears as to American boys being all at once brought into a sufficiently mild, gentle, and reverent state as to be so habited and placed in so peculiar a position." The Bishop was assured "that until [the] boys were brought into that state of religious discipline, they should not appear in surplices."

Current newspaper accounts of the opening of the new Mission Chapel reveal the name and identity of the English Layman who ardently supported, and later chronicled, that pioneer achievement. He was Mr. Thomas Ramsay, editor at the time of *The Churchman*, and therefore intimately associated with the founder and benefactor of the Mission and owner of *The Churchman*, Mr. Hecker. Mr. Ramsay had come to the United States in 1853, about the time that Mr. Hecker had bought *The Churchman* and established its offices and printing-press in a building erected on the rear of his home property. Being a devoted Catholic Churchman, as well as a man of literary attainments, Mr. Ramsay was entrusted by Mr. Hecker with the editorship of the newly acquired magazine—an appointment which aroused adverse criticism on two points: Mr. Ramsay was a layman—and (still worse!) an Englishman.

The Bishop's consent having been gained and his approval won for the opening of the Mission Chapel, the next step in canonical procedure was to obtain the consent of the incumbent of the parish within whose bounds the site of the Mission lay and most of its prospective adherents lived. It was supposed that Mr. Hecker's property was situated in the district forming the parish of All Saints', Henry and Scammell Streets, of which church Mr. Hecker was a communicant. The rector of All Saints' at that date was the Rev. Dr. Eigenbrodt, whose pastoral policy and meth-

ods had been subjected to much harsh criticism in the columns of *The Churchman*. When his consent was asked for the opening of the chapel within his cure, Dr. Eigenbrodt refused—not once nor twice. According to the Canons thirty days must elapse after the final refusal, before appeal could be made to the Bishop against Dr. Eigenbrodt's objection. During this period a new Charter was granted to the city, by which the site of the proposed chapel was transferred from the Ward in which All Saints' Church was situated to the district of the Parish of the Holy Martyrs. The rector of that parish, the Rev. J. Millett, "instantly, much to his honour, most cheerfully gave his consent" to the opening of the chapel.

A House Exceeding Magnificent

Much care and money were expended in fitting the upper room in the Churchman Building, hitherto occupied by the school, as a place of worship, "properly furnished" and worthy "to serve as a model." Mr. Ramsay, in his *Recollections*, gives a detailed description of the Chapel. At the eastern end of the room was a chancel "or more properly a sanctuary," its floor "raised several inches higher than the rest," enclosed on three sides "with a neat iron railing, the far side of the enclosure being the east wall." Against this wall was erected the Altar, "constructed of white marble; for" adds Mr. Ramsay, with recent agitation over the stone altar at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, in mind, "there are no vexatious restrictions as to material in the American Church." The Altar was "of exceedingly good proportions, panelled, and having in front a vesica, with a plain Latin cross in its center. The super-altar [gradine] bore the inscription, 'Holy, Holy, Holy.'" On this gradine stood "a pair of stately candlesticks with candles"—but

apparently no cross. "Above Altar was an ornamental panel containing the Christian Monogram. At the south side was a small credence."

For the opening service "the Altar was vested in a handsome green cloth"—one of several frontals of the proper colours—"richly embroidered." . . . "There was a profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers in the sanctuary on the [gradine]." The service "excited considerable interest." The Bishop of New York, having engagements at the time in a distant part of his extensive diocese" was unable to be present. But the promoters of the Mission "had the assurance of his sympathy and good will." His presence was taken by the Rt. Rev. William Mercer Green, Bishop of Mississippi, who was in New York at the time.

On the morning of the day June appointed for the opening service, the choir, vested in surplices and preceded by the Wardens bearing white wands, went in procession from the "vestibule room" on the floor below the chapel, chanting the 122nd Psalm in plainsong as they "went up to the House of the Lord. Following the choir came the clerics likewise in surplices, and last of all, the Bishop "in his episcopal habit." The choir and clergy occupied four rows of oaken seats, two on each side of the sanctuary, outside the rails. A crowded congregation occupied the benches which filled the main body of the chapel—the men and boys on the Gospel-side, the women and girls on the Epistle side.

Mississippi Pontificates

Morning Prayer was sung "Helmores' Plainsong" by Rev. Morgan Dix, one of the Assistant Ministers of Trinity Church. The *Te Deum* alone sung to modern music, as arranged by them. The Rev. G. M. Parkman of Philadelphia sang the Lit-

Helmore's setting. Between Morning Prayer and Litany, as before the "third Service" (Holy Communion), the chapel was tolled, "so as to mark more emphatically the distinction of the separate services." The celebrant of the Eucharist was the Bishop of Mississippi, assisted by the Rev. James Bonner, Pennsylvania, as Epistoler, and the Rev. Oliver Sherman Prescott, "Provisional Priest of the Mission," as Gospeller. The Rev. Morgan Dix, from the lectern-altarpit within the chancel, preached "an eloquent and appropriate sermon" on the text, "Thou, O God, hast of thy goodness prepared for the poor." Among the other clergy present were the Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman (later Dean of the General Theological Seminary) and the Rev. Charles Chapman Graham (sometime Bishop of Fond du Lac). The founder of the Mission was prevented from attending the

opening Service by the death of a faithful member of the firm of Hecker Brothers and a member of the family circle, Mr. James Henry Gorham, father of the well-known publisher, Mr. Edwin S. Gorham. In presenting to the Chapel at the Offertory a set of sacred vessels of pure gold, with cruet and alms-dish of silver gilt, Mr. Hecker was represented by Mr. Spring-Rice and Mr. Blomfield. This "gold Altar Service, consisting of a rich Chalice of ancient ecclesiastical design, the knob adorned with enamel, [and] a Paten with the *Agnus Dei*, also adorned with enamel . . . was understood to be the first gold service of the kind manufactured in the United States of America." The vessels were received at the rails of the sanctuary by the Rev. O. S. Prescott and "solemnly presented on the Altar" before the Prayer for the Church Militant. At the conclusion of this prayer "a small proportion of the congregation retired, the rest re-

maining to be communicants at the Eucharist."

The service was "to most of those who witnessed it . . . novel as well as solemn and beautiful. It was the first time that a full Choral Service with a surpliced choir, and before an altar of such proportions and so . . . appropriately clothed and beautified, had ever been performed in the . . . American Church*"; and it was seen and felt that it was destined to exert a powerful influence in that branch of the Church Catholic."

"The Bishop, the clergy, and a large party of the laity who had taken part in the Services, at their conclusion retired to the hospitable mansion" of Mr. Hecker in Rutgers Street, "and there partook of an elegant [and sumptuous] cold collation, hospitably prepared" by their host. In the absence of the latter Mr. Ramsay acted as toast-master. In response to a toast to the health of Bishop Green that prelate "took occasion to say" how much he had been gratified by the services in which he had participated that day. "He prayed God most earnestly that the institution they had met to inaugurate might be blessed . . . and that it might lead to much good to those for whom it was intended, and much glory to His Holy Name."

At 8 o'clock in the evening of the same day Evensong was chorally rendered, with a sermon by the Rev. G. M. Parkman, "on which occasion the first administration of Holy Baptism under the Mission took place."

(*) In a note on page 370 of *Men and Movements in the American Episcopal Church*, Dr. Chorley notes that "the Church of the Holy Cross, Troy, New York, had a full choral service nearly twenty years before this chapel." Mr. Ramsay's statement, nevertheless, is probably true as to the service he describes being the first to be held "with a surpliced choir and before an altar clothed and beautified" as was the altar of the Madison Street Mission.



NATIVITY SCENE

Johnson's Struggle to Believe

By DARWIN KIRBY, Jr.

WHEN in college, I had a professor who said that he never prepared an address without first finding out what Samuel Johnson had to say on the subject. Johnson had such a comprehensive intelligence that it would presumably be of some interest to know his opinions on religion. And it may be of some encouragement to know of one who—though his faith was strong—was ever battling with scepticism.

Johnson's whole view of life was one of great humanity. Not often do you discover one whose principles are vigorously prosecuted who also views the human folk with understanding and charity. He had no sociological theories and his charitable impulse sprang directly out of his tenderness toward suffering and was not complicated by any scheme for redeeming mankind by blueprint. "What signifies," says one, "giving halfpence to common beggars? they only lay it out in gin or tobacco." "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence?" says Johnson. "It is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to shew even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths."

It is true to say that Johnson was not only thinking of the poor. He was himself a hedonist as surely as he was anything else—with the provision that pleasure comes second, not first. He was,

says Dr. Krutch, a pessimist with an enormous zest for living. Moreover, he was a hedonist, because he was a pessimist; because the evils of life must be palliated and because the mere emptiness of human life forced him to escape boredom by creating diversions for himself. He spoke with contempt of that morality, which "holds pleasure itself to be a vice." It is clear that he abandoned himself to the delights of Shakespeare the poet, as completely as he abandoned himself to the joys of the table, when he "folded his legs and had his talk out." It is hardly to be supposed that in the course of these activities he was continuously aware of the fact that, theoretically, nothing more could be said in their favor than that they were morally neutral.

Quest for Reality

In spite of the palliatives which Johnson employed, he was still striving to make contact with "reality." And most men who are oppressed with the sense that most of life is fantastical and trivial, have sought this. To some that means hardship in remote places; to some, as to Thoreau, solitude and simplicity; to others, it means the search for God in mystical experience. To Johnson it meant reminding himself of the struggle for existence on the most elementary level, refreshing association with people who knew, as he did, what it was to be close to illness and to want. To know how much one could do without and still desire to live, how much poverty and suffering one could endure, made him feel safe. And by contrast, profusion frightened him. "All these things,

David," he once said to Garrison when the latter was displaying his fine house and fine grounds, "make death very terrible."

Johnson never mistook the palliatives for contentment. At the heart of his nature was the conviction that man has some desire which nothing in his experience is capable of satisfying. Both his theory of aesthetics and his general theory of human nature rest ultimately upon the desperate assumption that, since man never finds any really self-justifying activity, he must, if life is to be tolerable at all, fill it up with those temporary satisfactions which are gained by the senses and the gratification of that freedom from limitless appetite for knowledge to which he gives no more exalted name than "curiosity."

But at all times he seems to have been of the opinion that life everywhere was "supported with impatience and quitted with reluctance." When Rasselas and his companions visit the Pyramids, Imlac declares: "They seem to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination, which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment." Those who have already all that they can enjoy, must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use, till use is supplied, must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish. I consider the mighty structure, as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imagina-



ts, is compelled to solace, by
erection of a pyramid, the
ety of dominion, and tasteless-
s of pleasures, and to amuse
tediousness of declining life,
seeing thousands labouring
out end, one stone, for no
pose, laid upon another.

Whoever thou art, that, not con-
tent with a moderate condition,
imaginest happiness in royal
magnificence, and drestest that
command or riches can feed the
appetite of novelty, with per-
petual gratifications, survey the
pyramids, and confess thy folly."

Pessimism

Johnson's pessimism was even
deeper. "There are few things
not purely evil, of which we can
say, without some emotion of un-
easiness, *this is the last*. Those
who never could agree together,
shed tears when mutual discon-

tent has determined them to final separation; of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart. . . . The secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking being, whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. The termination of any period of life reminds us that life itself has likewise its termination; when we have done anything for the last time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining. . . . There are points of time when by vicissitudes of fortune or alteration of employment, by change of place or loss of friendship, we are forced to say of something, *this is the last.*"

Johnson would have approved the lines of the modern poet:

The troubles of our proud
and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall
not fail.

Nor did religious conviction bring Johnson much comfort. He was too much a believer not to fear divine punishment and too invincibly a sceptic to count his faith sufficient to save him. So he clung desperately to known ills lest he be hurried to others he knew not of. There was also in Johnson a vein of "stubborn rationality" that kept him from the Roman Church, and which inclines us to feel that he would have been more comfortable if even Anglicanism had put less strain upon it. It is certain that he distrusted (outside official re-

ligion) the wonders of the supernatural.

Dr. Krutch writes that Johnson accepted without reservation the injunction: "Presume not God to scan," and he objected violently that Pope proceeded not only to scan God but to report confidently what no man can see. Johnson was no mystic and he did not love mysteries. He found Christianity hard enough to accept and he took no pleasure, as Sir Thomas Browne professed to do, in believing what was difficult to believe. He was too much of a rationalist not to welcome anything that would help make Christianity seem rational, anything that would actually justify to human reason the ways of God. But he was also too honest to accept specious arguments merely because they were on his side. He refused to believe any more than the essential minimum without what he regarded as either conclusive logic or conclusive evidence.

Desire for Assurance

There is, however, an incident that shows that Johnson was at least interested in the matter of apparitions. He said concerning a ghost which had appeared to Lord Lyttelton, "I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." This would suggest that Johnson's "stubborn scepticism" was weakening. Dr. William Adams replied: "You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs no further support." Replied Johnson: "I like to have more." There spoke the man who while he could not do without

belief, found that it never came easy.

Towards the end of his life he said "Some people are afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they find in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those are the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional, and as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid." Boswell once said to Johnson that since the world is a show it were just as well for man to go out of the show-room after he'd seen it. "Yes" says Johnson, "if he's satisfied he's to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to go blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never see anything again; if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into another trial. For however bad a man's existence may be, even if he would rather have it than not exist at all. No, there is no rational principle by which a man can be contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."

This much we can say—that Johnson's faith and scepticism existed side by side. And while neither brought him much comfort, at least he is a living presence and a perpetual demonstration that the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."



First Principles

By HAROLD HOLT

N the deep North Woods, in a little cabin, on the shores of a gem of a lake, with no neighbors within miles, we reduced life to as primitive a level as we could and did some reading. Quite by chance two of the books started off a new train of thought: "What is Christianity," by Charles Morrison, Editor of the Christian Century some six years ago; and "The Shape of the Liturgy," by Dom Gregory Dix, Benedictine Monk. Mr. Morrison was brought up in the Church of Christ's Disciples, and Dom is an Anglican Catholic, but curiously the two books mesh into a coherent whole. Perhaps it was our isolation (we drove forty-two miles to the nearest Church

each Sunday) and the lack of complications in our life, but this is the way we thought:

The faith that we call the Catholic Faith—the teachings of Christ as implemented by His Body, the Church—was nothing new. Everything that He taught had been taught before. What He did was to simplify the relation between man and God and, by His life, death, and Resurrection, to demonstrate how simple and straightforward that relation is.

Other teachers have taught the Divine Truths, other teachers in other religions have tried to bridge the chasm between the finite and the Infinite, but so turgid is the teaching and so complex the ritual of reconciliation

that they often form a barrier rather than a bridge. The avenue of approach is cluttered so badly that man can find no straight path to God.

A Cleared Channel

All this rubbish Christ swept away. His Church became, in radio terms, a cleared channel. Man and God stood clearly revealed to each other and the path from one to the other was without hindrance.

Dom Dix brings out how starkly simple was the liturgy of the early Church, how clear the Eucharistic action which made a reconciliation between the human and the Divine. A simple faith—to do what Christ commanded—with a promise that it brings eternal life; a simple corporate act with physical death as the penalty for doing it, but life everlasting as the reward. That was all there was, nothing more. No formulae to recite, no involved mystic teachings, no commandments or ethical precepts. You did this "in remembrance of me;" you became by that act a certain sort of person, so you lived a certain sort of ethical life. And that was being a Catholic Christian. Anyone could understand it, anyone could live it, even the simplest slave. Religion was reduced to such an ordinary thing that at the altar God and Man stood face to face.

But this was too simple. God has always been so mysterious and incomprehensible, so wrapped up in hidden veils, that it seemed almost sacrilegious to reveal Him so starkly. Men began again to draw veils before His face and to hide Him from the ignorant masses. Religion must always belong to those able to pene-



trate the esoteric mysteries, not to every passer by. So heresies arose.

Now a heresy, as I see it, is an attempt to make religion complex. The heresiarch tries to do more than develop the Faith. He adds to the Faith all sorts of systems of theology and mysterious explanations; introduces initiates and hierarchies who stand as authorities to guide the common man. They become custodians of the mysteries instead of stewards. They keep the Faith locked up instead of dispensing it. Those who are not initiates are despised as being without the pale.

The Catholic Faith has always fought bitterly against this sort of thing. The rubbish keeps coming back under new names, the bridge becomes constantly choked with extraneous buildings. God becomes incomprehensible again and retreats into His empyrean, leaving man to search vainly for Him and, wearying of the search, to lapse into materialism.

The multiplication of heresies and schisms, the importation of these, all too innocently, into our own faith, has made us like orphans wandering in a secular bog.

Here is our Faith:

We are a household of adopted children but, even though adopted, we are very dear to our Father. We come, as He bids us, to His table. It is here that we receive nourishment, and the orders for the day. He is waiting for us at the table. He takes bread and breaks it, He takes wine and blesses it. One by one the children eat and drink, as He commands. The children give thanks and go about their daily tasks in the knowledge that next time they come they must report, for good or evil, and that each time they will be refreshed and nourished, and receive their tasks to do for Him and for the rest of the household.

Bound in this common fellowship and purpose they like to

gather together socially; if any are sick or in trouble others of the family come to help. They reach out to find other orphans that they also may become adopted sons of this Father. They teach their children the manners and customs of the house and how to please the Father.

You see how simple the Catholic Faith is? A priest representing the Father—a sort of elder brother to act for Him—and you have a parish. The social, the missionary, the educational program are all a natural part, or outgrowth, of your Eucharistic wor-

ship, not something added, but the way the household operates. The Catholic Faith isn't an elaborate theology, it isn't a ritual done thus and so, it isn't great cathedrals and vestments and all that. It is doing what Christ told us to do—eating His Body and drinking His Blood—that we may have eternal life; then finding others and adding to our company and those lost souls that are hungry and thirsting for Him—souls lost in the mazy paths through the rubbish that the philosophers of man have strewn on the way to God.



MADONNA AND CHILD

—by Duccio

Editorial

WE are most grateful to the Presiding Bishop for taking time, in what must be a welter of new business, to write a greeting to our readers. When we asked him to do so, we explained that he now belongs to all, or rather that we all belong to him and look to him for guidance. In his reply was the following sentence, "I have no illusion as to the difficulty of the task ahead and I know that I shall need the understanding and prayers of all our Church people, so your letter brings me genuine encouragement and support." We are sure that we can pledge to him the earnest and continued intercessions of every one of our readers.

Speaking of intercessions, we want to tell you about some interesting "communications" from The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World" concerning an organized, nation-wide campaign of prayer for the Paris Peace Conference.

Their representative, Doctor Frank C. Laubach, journeyed to France and got in touch with many of the delegates, who received him with gratitude and enthusiasm. During his visit the following declaration, signed by a group of twenty-six church leaders in Paris, was sent to every delegation:

"We, a group of Christian leaders in Paris, realizing that if the Peace Conference is to achieve lasting results it must be in accord with the purposes of God, and appreciating the overwhelming difficulties of your task, desire you to know that we are praying in meetings and individually that you may be effective instruments of God in bringing to the whole world a righteous and enduring peace."

With the above statement, Doctor Laubach mailed this letter to each delegate:

(Name of delegate)

Dear Sir:

"I have been sent from the United States to inform you that for the past two weeks millions of people have been praying for you all across America, that you may be guided by God to do His will for the world. In New York and Chicago, churches have prayers every hour of the day and night for you and the other delegates. Christians in every city of the United States are holding special prayers for you.

"Americans regard this Conference as the most important gathering in the history of mankind. They believe that the outcome will determine whether civilization, and perhaps the very human race, can survive or must all perish. The American people are keenly aware of the awful power of the atomic bomb, 30 million times more potent than any other discovered. They know that it can release atomic poison which can destroy all countries and may kill the entire human race if released in large quantities. You men hold the fate of the entire human race in your hand. You are not only settling boundaries but the survival of mankind.

"The Pastors of Paris are also calling their churches to prayer. These Pastors have issued an appeal to the World Council of Churches in Geneva to summon the entire Christian Church of the World to pray during the remaining days of the Conference. We hope and believe you will feel the mighty power of millions upon millions of people praying for you in every country, in drawing men together working side by side for the common cause; the cause of the survival of the human race.

"The nation-wide prayer in America was not connected in any

way with any Government. It is a movement of the people, started by Christian Laymen and supported by the Churches. If you desire to send a letter of appreciation to the American people, as several delegates have already done, your letter will be read to the entire nation over nationwide radio hook-ups which are promoting this prayer movement. You may send your letter directly to the Laymen's Movement, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

"On this letter I am breathing a prayer that you, esteemed Sir, may be given the wisdom, and infinite compassion, and limitless patience of Christ."

Your obedient servant

(signed) FRANK C. LAUBACH.

The Order of the Holy Cross has been asked to take part in this big prayer-movement by agreeing to devote to it a certain length of time each day. It was not practicable for us to add a given period to a régime of prayer which is already filled. In explaining this, however, we expressed our deep sympathy with the Movement and gave assurance that we are constantly offering our most ear-



PRAYERS AT HOLY CROSS

nest prayers for peace among the nations.

It may be well to insert that we do not subscribe to all the statements in the letter. For example, we do not consider the Paris Peace Conference, significant though it is, as "the most important gathering in the history of mankind." There were gatherings far more important on certain hillsides in Palestine, two thousand years ago, and in an Upper Room. Indeed, whenever two or three are gathered together in our Lord's name, such a meeting may be more important than the Paris Peace Conference—and far more potent.

A cynic might add that this is not saying much. Nor do we have to be cynics to know that humankind is in a bad plight indeed if it must stake its hopes on any group of merely human leaders. But that is the real point of the prayer movement. We are doing less than our duty if, in this really tremendous crisis, we fail to pray earnestly to God every day, for the peace of the world.

On his way back from Paris, Doctor Laubach met a Jewish gentleman. When told about the vast prayer group of Christians, the Jew said that his people also should be called upon. "They have suffered so much that they are ready to pray. In prayer is a place where we can all meet even when we cannot agree about theology."



Press Notes

ANYONE who has had even a limited experience in the printing and publishing field will testify to the fact that over the past two or three years there has been a gradual but steady increase in costs. For example, in 1943 the cost of printing (exclusive of all other operating costs) for the HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE for that month was \$203.44 for 1550 copies. The next year, 1944, with a small increase in our print order to 1750 copies, the cost was \$264.97. This year, with a print order of 1900 copies, the cost was \$289.28; and we ask you to remember that this is just the cost of printing and mailing, and does not cover any of the expenses incurred at our West Park office where all subscriptions are handled, records kept, letters and forms sent out, etc. For many years the subscription price was \$2 per year with 25¢ additional on Canadian and Foreign mailings. Two years ago we had to ask \$2.50 per year, with 25¢ mailing cost to Canada and foreign countries. At this time we ARE NOT announcing an increase in the Rate, but as our printer has informed us that after this issue (December) is off the press, we will have to absorb a 15% increase in cost, we feel that it is only fair to let you know how things stand. There are two remedies: (1) either we shall have to have (and within the next three or four months) a very substantial increase in paid subscriptions, or, (2) we shall be compelled to advance the subscription rate. If we can increase our subscription list by several hundred names, we shall be comparatively safe, as that will obviously lower the cost per copy of our print order. Failing that, we shall simply have to advance the yearly rate. We hope to present, within the next few weeks, a definite plan for the consideration of our readers and other friends, which will, if all

work together, enable us to continue sending out our MAGAZINE at the present very modest price. Let us make this clear—until further notice, New and Renewal subscriptions are being received at the prevailing Rates.

Community Notes

FATHER Superior sailed from New York on the twenty-ninth of November for England. He hopes to be able to fly from England to Freetown, Sierra Leone, in time to be at the Mission for Christmas. Your prayers are asked for his safe journey and for God's blessing upon this much-deferred visit to our Liberian Mission.

On November eleventh several members of the Order were present at the Trinity Parish Mass of Thanksgiving for the Religious Life in St. Luke's Chapel, New York City. Father Schlueter was the celebrant of the Mass, with Bishop Campbell O.H.C., pontificating. Father Leicester Lewis preached an inspiring sermon setting forth the ideals and blessings of the Religious Life. It is always an inspiration and source of encouragement to have so many of the clergy and lay people joining with the Religious to offer the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the revival and steady growth of the Religious Life in our Church.

December Appointments

Father Baldwin will preach mission at the church of St. Mary of the Harbor, Provincetown, Mass., from the first to the tenth.

Father Parker will preach mission at Grace Church, Chautauque, Kansas, from the first to the eleventh.

Father Spencer is to preach mission at St. Andrew's Church, Darien, Georgia, from the first to the eighth.

• An Ordo of Worship and Intercession, Dec. 1946-Jan. 1947 •

16. *Monday.* (O Sapientia) V. Mass of Advent iii col. (2) Advent i (3) for the faithful departed (4) of St. Mary.
17. *Tuesday.* V. Mass of Advent iii col. (2) Advent i (3) of St. Mary.
18. *Ember Wednesday.* V. col. (2) Advent i (3) of St. Mary.
19. *Thursday.* V. Mass as on December 17.
20. *Ember Friday.* V. Mass (a) of Ember Day col. (2) Vigil of St. Thomas (3) Advent i L.G. Vigil or (b) of the Vigil col. (2) Ember Day (3) Advent i L.G. Ember Day.
21. *St. Thomas, Ap. Double II Cl. R. gl. col. (2) Ember Saturday* (O God, who seest us . . .) (3) Advent i cr. pref. of Apostles L.G. Ember Day.
22. *4th Sunday in Advent. Semidouble. V. col. (2) Advent i (3) of St. Mary cr. pref. of Trinity.*
23. *Monday. V. Mass of Advent iv col. (2) Advent i (3) for the faithful departed (4) of St. Mary.*
24. *Christmas Eve. V. col. (2) Advent i Gradual without Alleluia.*
25. *Christmas Day. Double I Cl. W. At all Masses gl. cr.; at last Mass L.G. of Epiphany pref. of Christmas through January 5 unless otherwise directed.*
26. *St. Stephen, Deacon and Protomartyr. Double II Cl. R. gl. col. (2) Christmas cr.*
27. *St. John, Ap. Ev. Double II Cl. W. gl. col. (2) Christmas cr.*
28. *Holy Innocents, MM. Double II Cl. V. col. (2) Christmas Tract instead of Alleluia cr.*
29. *1st Sunday after Christmas. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) St. Thomas Becket, B.M. (3) Christmas cr.*
30. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop cr.*
31. *St. Sylvester, B.C. Double. W. gl. col. (2) Christmas cr.*
- January 1. Circumcision of Christ. Double II Cl. W. gl. col. (2) Christmas cr.*
2. *Octave of St. Stephen. R. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop.*
3. *Octave of St. John. W. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop pref. of Apostles.*
4. *Octave of Holy Innocents. R. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop Gradual and Alleluia.*
5. *2nd Sunday after Christmas. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Holy Name cr.*
6. *The Epiphany. Double I Cl. W. gl. cr. pref. of Epiphany through the Octave except at funerals and solemn votive Masses having proper preface.*
7. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop cr.*
8. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) St. Lucian and his Companions, MM. (3) of St. Mary cr.*
9. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on January 7.*
10. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on January 7.*
11. *Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on January 7.*
12. *1st Sunday after Epiphany. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Epiphany cr.*
13. *Octave of the Epiphany. Gr. Double. W. gl. cr.*
14. *St. Hilary, B.C.D. Double. W. gl. cr. col. (2) St. Felix, C.*
15. *St. Paul, the First Hermit, C. Double. W. gl. col. (2) St. Maurus, C.*
16. *Thursday. G. Mass of Epiphany i col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the faithful departed (4) for the Church or Bishop.*

For the faithful departed.

For the peace of the world.

For those soon to be ordained.

For the reunion of Christendom.

For all whom God is calling to special service in His Church.

For all in perplexity or doubt.

For the conversion of sinners, especially of the complacent.

For the sick and suffering, especially those soon to die.

For the homeless, outcast, destitute.

For the Church's children and young people, especially the Servants of Christ the King.

For all deacons; for all deaconesses.

For the Society of St. John the Evangelist.

For all children in institutions.

For our kinsfolk, neighbors, friends.

For guidance in all elections, especially of Bishops of the Church. In thanksgiving for all God's mercies.

For greater reverence for the Holy Name of Jesus, especially in our country.

For the Church's work among the poor and outcast.

For guidance to the new Congress.

For the education of the Church's children.

For the Church's work in country districts.

For all the Church's missions, especially the Holy Cross Liberian Mission.

For the Church's work among negroes in the USA.

For the Church's work among Indians.

For the Church's work among the foreign-born.

For the Church's work in prisons, reformatories, etc., especially our ministrations at Sing Sing.

For the Church's work in hospitals. For all parents, guardians, teachers.

For Church chaplains in the Army and Navy.

For all the Bishops.

For all Religious and novices.

For all the faithful departed.

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